Thats by me wounded both, our remedies
Within thy helpe and holy phisicke lies:
I beare no hatred blessed man: for loe
My intercession likewise steads my foe.
Fri. Be plaine good sonne and homely in thy drift,
Ridling confession, findes but ridling shrift.
Ro. Then plainly know my harts deare loue is set
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet*:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine,
And all combind, saue what thou must combine
By holy marriage, when and where, and how,
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow:
Ile tell thee as we passe, but this I pray,
That thou consent to marrie vs to day.
Fri. Holy S. *Francis* what a change is here?
Is *Rosaline* that thou didst loue so deare,
So soone forsaken? yonng mens loue then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eies.
Iesu *Maria*, what a deale of brine
Hath washt thy sallow cheekes for *Rosaline*?
How much salt water throwne away in waste,
To season loue, that of it doth not taste.
The Sun not yet thy sighes, from heauen cleares
Thy old grones yet ringing in mine auncient eares:
Lo here vpon thy cheeke the staine doth sit,
Of an old teare that is not washt off yet.
If ere thou wast thy selfe, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for *Rosaline*.
And art thou chang'd, pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when theres no strength in men.
Ro. Thou chidst me oft for louing *Rosaline*.
Fri. For doting, not for louing pupill mine.
Ro. And badst me burie loue.
Fri. Not in a graue,
To lay one in an other out to haue.
Ro. I pray thee chide me not, her I loue now.

Doth

Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow:
The other did not so.
Fri. O she knew well,
Thy loue did reade by rote, that could not spell:
But come young wauerer, come go with me,
In one respect ile thy assistant be:
For this alliance may so happie proue,
To turne your households rancor to pure loue.
Ro. O let vs hence, I stand on sudden hast.
Fri. Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast.

Exeunt.

Enter Benuolio *and* Mercutio.

Mer. Where the deule should this *Romeo* be? came hee not home to night?
Ben. Not to his fathers, I spoke with his man.
Mer. Why that same pale hard hearted wench, that *Rosaline*, Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.
Ben. Tibalt, the kisman to old *Capulet*, hath sent a leter to his fathers house.
Mer. A challenge on my life.
Ben. Romeo will answere it.
Mer. Any man that can write may answere a letter.
Ben. Nay, he wil answere the letters maister how he dares, being dared.
Mercu. Alas poore *Romeo*, he is alreadie dead, stabd with a white wenches blacke eye, runne through the eare with a loue song, the very pinne of his heart, cleft with the blinde bowe-boyes but-shaft, and is hee a man to encounter *Tybalt*?
Ro. Why what is *Tybalt*?
Mer. More then Prince of Cats. Oh hees the couragious captain of Complements: he fights as you sing prickesong, keeps time, distance & proportion, he rests, his minum rests, one two, and the third in your bosome: the very butcher of a silke button, a dualist a dualist, a gentleman of the very first house of the

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